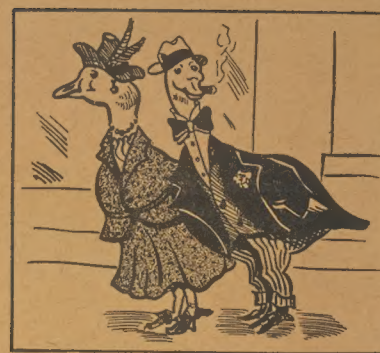


THE GATEWAY

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE STUDENTS' UNION OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA



VOL. XXXIII, No. 9.

EDMONTON, ALBERTA, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1942

SIX PAGES

Do You Care What Your Council is Doing?

Come on, Girls, Let's All Take a Gander!

Union Secretary Calls For Frosh Executive Nominations

Must be in by 12 a.m., November 11

ELECTION FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 13

Nominations for the positions of president, vice-president, secretary-treasurer and three executive members of the Freshman Class will be received by Bob Black, Secretary of the Students' Union, in the Students' Union office on Wednesday, November 11th, from 9 a.m.-12 noon. The nominations must be signed by the nominee and nine other members of the Freshman class. Voting will take place in the Arts Common Room, Friday, November 13th, from 9-12 and 1-5.

Meds Convene at Western Ontario Medical School

Hear of Shortage of Medical Men

London, Ont., Nov. 1 (C.U.P.).—Plans are now being formed whereby strong teaching staffs may be maintained in Canadian Medical schools, and special training facilities may be arranged for medical men in the armed forces who show aptitude for study in particular fields of medical science. This statement was made by Brigadier J. C. Meakins, former Dean of Medicine at McGill University, when he addressed the Canadian Association of Medical Students and Internes during their convention at the University of Western Ontario Medical School over the week-end.

Thirteen delegates from the University of Toronto attended the convention.

In order to keep strong teaching groups in the Medical Schools, Brigadier Meakins explained, the employment of men both in uniform and in civilian attire would be necessary, each forming an equally valuable part of the Medical services. As well as assisting those in the armed forces with special ability, the Deputy Director-General of the Medical Services continued, assistance for those who are new to army life has also been planned. "The armed forces are not responsible for the unfair or unequal distribution of medical men," declared Brigadier Meakins in reply to criticism in this direction. "It is the fault of opportunists who have taken advantage of the situation when skies looked dark and foreboding."

Financial aid will be given them to find a place in civilian life after the war is over, the Deputy Director-General told the delegates. However, he warned that war "does not provide opportunities for inefficiency" and vigorously objected to any slackening of ambition which might tend to result from the shift of financial responsibility from the student to the Federal Government. An army medical man's first responsibility, Brigadier Meakins told the convention, is to make and keep every soldier a perfect fighting unit morally, physically and mentally. Speaking on the psychiatric phases of medical services in the armed forces, Captain G. E. Hobbs stated that in M.D. 1 since last June, nine per cent of all recruits tested by the medical services have been found mentally defective. "To absorb military training, a mental age of 12 years is required," explained Capt. Hobbs. According to statistics compiled, three per cent of Canada's population are below the 12-year level of intelligence. Psychiatric tests are given to aid in the selection of the right recruits, and to prevent mental illness or neuroses. "It is not the cities, but the rural districts which are suffering from the shortage of medical men," said Dr. Stanley Ryerson, Assistant Dean of the Faculty of Medicine at U. of T. "The cities can do with fewer doctors, and it is my personal opinion that the government will have to assign doctors to rural areas," he stated. Dr. B. T. McGhie, provincial deputy minister of health, speaking at a banquet given in honor of the delegates to the C.A.M.S.I. Convention, charged Ontario with wastage of public funds by duplication and competition among hospitals and lack of efficient public health doctors. He declared that the change which is due in the practise of Medicine will likely bring a kind of socialized Medicine. Criticizing medical men who oppose state medicine because they say that physicians placed on salary will lose initiative and interest, Dr. McGhie stated: "I think such a statement is a reflection on the profession as a whole group not willing to give

Present Address To Dr. Newton

On Wednesday evening, Nov. 4th, St. Joseph's College balcony tea-room was the scene of a small but representative dinner at which the staff and students of the college pledged their complete co-operation and assistance to Dr. Robert Newton in his distinguished role of President of the University. Honored guests, in addition to Dr. Newton, included Dr. J. M. MacEachran, head of the Department of Philosophy, and Mrs. MacEachran, and Mr. Donald E. Cameron, president of the faculty club, and Mrs. Cameron. Brother Ansbert, Rector of St. Joseph's College and a member of the Moderns Department; Brother Azarias, who is associated with the Department of Philosophy; Brother Ephraim, the college bursar, and Brother Patrick welcomed the guests. The students were represented by the members of the House Committee of the college. In presenting the President of the University with a beautifully illuminated address, Brother Ansbert emphasized the fact that in these times, more than ever before, the tasks of that honored position are especially trying. Nevertheless, the Rector expressed his confidence in Dr. Newton's ability despite existing difficulties. Dr. Newton, in accepting the document, expressed his appreciation of the warm welcome extended to him by the student body of the University, and on behalf of the University, the co-operation St. Joseph's has given in accommodating not only navy and air force students, but also University students, "irrespective of the way in which they choose to worship God."

Cercle Francais Opens Season

Scene: Bulletin Board No. 2, Arts Building.

Characters: One lone Freshie reading bulletin board. Your reporter in the background.

Costumes designed by Tip-Top (we hope), see page 6.

Make-up: By your reporter. Monologue: (Our hero muttering to himself.)

Cercle francais program de la pro-chain reunion Mlle. Erna McCoy—sujet Debussy compositeur francais samedi le seven novembre a oon heurse et demi 102 St. Joe's.

Epilogue: The Cercle Francais meets next Saturday afternoon in St. Joe's. Erna McCoy on the subject of Debussy, the French composer, will be in charge of the program. All French students are asked to come, even if they can only converse to the extent of "Oui" or "Non," because this club will be a help to you in your work, and is very interesting.

service for payment rendered." Dr. McGhie then elaborated on the system of socialized medicine, expressing the hope that under such a system it would be not only economically possible, but legally necessary, for the practising physician to take a refresher course at least every five years.

WAW-WAW AND HER TUCKLINGS



Waw-Waw Wilson officially opens week-end blitz of co-ed dating by treating thin man Jack Jorgens to a coke at Tuck, while Rene Boileau pants thirstily in the background.

Noted Social Worker, Writer Will Address Women Students

The Gondoliers Require Tenors

As their annual contribution to the musical life of the University the Philharmonic Society is presenting this year the Gilbert and Sullivan opera, "The Gondoliers." The famous duo were never better than when they wrote this scintillating comedy centered on the lives of Venetian gondoliers. The many catchy tunes, combined with a good portion of comic situations and witty lines, make this one of the most enjoyable of all Gilbert and Sullivan operas.

As usual, the principal roles were assigned to Varsity students as far as was possible. However, a few overtown singers were asked to participate, and have kindly lent their time and talents to the production. Collin Corkum will play the bombastic comedy role of the Duke of Plaza-Toro, and Bert Loree will attend his Lordship as Luiz. Dick Swann will revel in the role of the ardent lover, Guiseppe, and Berniece MacBeth, as Tessa, will cheerfully respond to his attentions. Bill Smith and Kay Zender will croon to one another as they take the parts of Marco and Gianetta, two more romantic beings. Shirley Neer, star of the Empire Opera Company, will be the Duke's ungrateful daughter, Casilda, and Norma Madill will competently portray his haughty wife. As the kill-joy of the party, Ralph Jamison will take the role of the comic-villain 1/2 Don Alhambra, the Grand Inquisitor, a most unpleasant gentleman, indeed. There are, in addition, about eight minor leads, both male and female, that have yet to be filled.

Dramatic Director Tommy Dalkin, Chorus Director Alex Kevan, and Orchestra Conductor Walter Holowach have all shown in the past that they can be depended upon to bring out the best in the chorus, principals and orchestra. However, the latest news from the chorus is that, although three sections are doing well, the tenors are in need of considerable assistance. So if anybody can sing tenor, or even thinks he can, please come to the next rehearsal, Sunday, at 2:30 p.m., in St. Joseph's College gym. You will be very welcome. The first orchestra practice will be held in

Waw Waws Go For Macbeth's "Life-Savers"

On Wednesday, Nov. 4th, the fourth annual edition of the Students' Union Telephone Directory and Handbook was distributed in the basement of the Arts Building. Bob Macbeth, editor of the Directory, is to be commended for an excellent booklet. It should prove invaluable around Waw-Waw Weekend. This handbook was published annually by the Students' Union up until four years ago, when the publication was dropped and the Telephone Directory substituted. Since that time the need for a handbook, the student's guide, has been felt, and so this year the Union decided that it might be possible to combine the two. Bob Macbeth has proved that this is indeed possible.

Now, instead of the regulation "little black books," it's going to be

Dr. C. Whitton Will Visit Varsity Nov. 11

Women students of the University will have the opportunity next Wednesday, Nov. 11, of hearing one of Canada's foremost women in an address in Convocation Hall. Dr. Charlotte Whitton is the speaker. Dr. Whitton reaches Edmonton in the course of a trans-Canada tour under the auspices of the Director of Public Information in Ottawa. As a social worker, writer and lecturer, Dr. Whitton is recognized as one of Canada's most outstanding citizens. From 1926 to 1941 she was Director of the Canadian Welfare Council, and is at present a special liaison consultant to the Wartime Prices and Trade Board. Dr. Whitton received the degree of honorary doctor of laws from Queen's University in Kingston.

"Women in the War Effort" will be the topic of the address in Convocation Hall next Wednesday. Actually, it is the regular November meeting of the Women's University Club, but it has extended an invitation to all the women students of the University to attend. Parades and war work classes will be cancelled for the day, with attendance at the lecture being taken—for which the students will be held responsible. A one hundred per cent. turn out should be realized in view of the fact that practically every co-ed is wondering these days just what her part in the war is to be when she graduates; what opportunities there are to help both after graduation and during the actual time spent here at Varsity. It is a problem which is uppermost in the minds of a lot of the girls.

If anyone wishes to hear Dr. Whitton before Wednesday, they will be able to do so at 8 p.m. next Tuesday night at the Masonic Temple, when her topic will be, "Canadian Welfare After Three Years of War."

M158 at 7:30 next Wednesday. The orchestration has arrived, and all members are requested to attend. Remember, students, this is your production, so get behind it and help make this the most successful year of the Philharmonic has had. If you can sing, act or play an instrument, come to the next rehearsal and discover what enjoyment can be found in preparing such a lilted comic opera as "The Gondoliers."

little orange books around the campus. There are 18 Smiths listed, 6 Jones, 7 Browns, 4 McDougalls (three of which are on The Gateway, the other one got away), 34 Macs, and 60 Mc's, which proves that the Irish are in the majority to the Scotch. The Engineers probably turned to page 45, line 29, and decided to find out why their rugby games were not as well attended as they could have been. Some of you probably were glad to see that the editor was a good thrifty Scotsman and did not believe in buying new cuts, so the first page announces that this is the 1941-42 edition of the U. of A. Students' Union Handbook, instead of 1942-43. The first name in the directory part of the book is that of Betty Aaron, in Arts and Science, and the last name should

Pie-Eating Contest at Waw-Waw Wiggle

Well, geese, how is the dating coming along for the theatre party tonight and the big dance Saturday night?

There are going to be lots of prizes given away on both nights.

And Saturday night we'll have a pie-eating contest with, gee, swell prizes for the winners, and even the boobies. And there will be a big reward given to the goose hauling the heaviest gander to the dance. (She'll need it after paying that much for him.) And the "big fellow" will be rewarded, too.

Are we going to have fun at the big hop? Tomorrow, just you wait and see (from the picture of the same name).

School of Ed. To Hold Dance

The Faculty of Education announces that a dance is to be held on Friday night, Nov. 13th, in St. Joe's gym, starting at nine. Members of the A.T.A. in Education 48 and 58 will meet before the dance in 102 St. Joe's at 8 p.m. Dr. LaZerte will be the guest speaker.

The fifty-cent social fee, which is to be paid to Miss Mary Francis, will admit you to this party and to all forthcoming socials. All students taking Education courses 40, 48, 56, 58 and 59 are invited to attend. The Social Committee would like to have the names of all who are planning to attend. Please add your name to the list that you will find posted on the bulletin board, Room 102, St. Joseph's College. Don't wait for someone to ask you—write your name down now, and we'll find you an escort. We want every one of the Education students there, so don't let us down.

Varsity Choir Wants Singers

Do you sing in the bathtub? Or have you a shower at your house? If you do, we know where you belong. It's the University Choir, and the next practise is Saturday, Nov. 7th, at 1 p.m. in M158. This club is a lot of fun to belong to, and did good work on the campus last year. It has been fortunate in securing the services of an excellent choir leader, and this year should be the best that the club has had. Please come to the meeting next Saturday if you are at all interested, but if you are interested and can't come, get in touch with Roberta Kiefer or someone else in the choir and let them know.

NOTICE TO UNIVERSITY STUDENTS AND GRADUATES ON ACTIVE SERVICE

Commencing with this issue, The Gateway will be sent to all former University students and graduates who are now on active service in Canada. Postal regulations forbid the sending of newspaper subscriptions overseas. Hence, much as we would like to we cannot mail The Gateway outside of Canada.

The Registrar's office has put a great deal of effort into the compiling of this mailing list. There is a possibility that some of the addresses are not correct because, at best, most of the addresses are but temporary.

As a special request, will anyone who is receiving The Gateway under this new set-up and who moves to another address, please send the change of address in to the Registrar's office and The Gateway will be forwarded. If this is not done, no guarantee can be made that the newspaper will be forwarded to the new address.

be that of John Zowtiak, in Applied Science.

There are five parts to the handbook: I—Students' Union Government, II—Union Publications and Publicity, III—Telephone Directory, IV—Classes, War Services, Functions, Clubs V—The University and Discipline, VI—General Information. On page 5 is a greeting from Lloyd Grisdale, President of the Students' Union, where he says that the aim in putting out this combined Handbook and Telephone Directory is to show you the great variety of activities offered by your Students' Union and to facilitate your entering them.

You've got your Telephone Directory and Handbook—the rest is up to you.

If so, Read This Report; 3 Point-Extensions Denied; Athletic Problems Aired

Student Committees Responsible to Council Appointed

DISCUSS REFUND OF MED AND DENT FEES

Intervarsity Debaters Not Allowed to Travel

On Wednesday night your Students' Union Council put in another heavy session on behalf of The Cause. Starting at 7:30, it was still going strong when your reporter left at 10:35. The business which followed the adoption of the minutes was as follows:

A request from Mr. Taylor, assistant registrar, on behalf of the Alumnae Association for some financial help to men in Service was approved. The matter was referred to Beth Kerr, who, being in charge of the Wau-neita and the W.W.W., was asked to enquire further as to particular needs before Council decided on the amount to be granted.

The sale of Remembrance poppies was also referred to Beth Kerr. The poppies are being sold on the campus on Nov. 6 and 7. This year the student body will be asked to purchase approximately 1,000 poppies. All proceeds go to help war veterans.

There were three applications for extension of points. Gerald Larue asked for 30 more, Frank Meston for 25 more, and Bill Payne for a position which as yet has no points.

President Lloyd Grisdale made a worth-while suggestion to Council—that the extensions be cut down so that more interest may be raised in student affairs by having more students in responsible positions. Accordingly, Gerry Larue was asked to give up position of manager of senior basketball. This left him with the extension of only five points, which was granted. Frank Meston was asked to give up the presidency of the Commerce Club, leaving him with The Gateway only. Bill Payne's request was deferred. This action was necessary as Payne had the required points before Council had asked if he would take over the responsibility of dance manager. Someone suggested that he be asked to give up secretary-treasurer of the Commerce Club, but it was agreed that the Commerce Club had already taken a beating in the loss of Meston as president.

Next on the list was the Fencing Club. It seems that as they at last had a president in Russ Hannah, and with eight other members plus several good prospects, now saw fit to present a budget. The amount asked for was \$155.00. You all know where the loudest howl came from. However, this condition was soon rectified, and the budget hacked down to \$40, of which \$20 was for the year book. It was finally posted at \$80 and passed, along with the good wishes of the Council for a successful year.

A really spirited discussion arose over a request from the Meds and Dents to have a refund of their Students' Union fees for the month of January. Since they are not here during this time, they are eligible for a rebate. This suggestion was made by none other than Bob Schrader, who went on record as giving the money away entirely—no strings, no receipts. However, what action was taken amounted to this. The speeded-up courses would be approached with the view of being given a grant equal to about one-sixth of their union fees or about \$20.00 with certain restrictions. These were, that these clubs should elect an executive responsible to the Students' Union and who would forward a budget to the Union. Any equipment bought with money provided would be property of the Students' Union for the use of the students in the accelerated courses.

Next question raised was who could look after the rink this year. It was generally agreed that immediate action should be taken to look after the ice-making, and authority was given to advertise for a man. While the subject was still on the athletic nature, Roma Ballhorn reported that the Archery Club was frozen out of a practice by the temperature prevailing in the new gymnasium in the Drill Hall. This brought up a problem of what would happen to other clubs using the floor. It was agreed that the matter should not only be looked into, but also an inquiry should be made regarding the use of the other gymnasium. Action was left up to Schrader.

One of the most important achievements of the night was a discussion by President Grisdale regarding the setting up of special committees responsible to the Council to promote a greater interest by students in student affairs. It would also allow for greater participation by students in affairs by placing them on various committees.

The first committee suggested was the Publicity Committee to handle the policy of the University and the

Drayton Discusses Internat'l Govt.

The Men's Economics Club met at the home of Professor Elliott on Tuesday evening. Mr. Drayton presented a paper on the Necessity of International Government. His thesis was that peace can be attained only if some form of genuine World Government is attained. It was pointed out that International Law was unenforceable without an adequate World Police Force to enforce it. It would be utterly futile for the Permanent Court of International Justice to now denounce Hitler's aggression. But if an adequate police force had arrested Hitler when he first started to organize Germany as a military power and brought him on a charge of treason before the bar of a World Court, it would have been a different story. But that would have required the existence of a real World Government. Mr. Drayton said, "Wherever there has been an area of anarchy in the relations of men there has been strife. Thus family fought family, clan fought clan, tribe fought tribe, city-state fought city-state, and now nation fights nation, because of the absence of effective law governing the relations between them."

Mr. Elliott pointed out some of the difficulties faced in bringing about a unification of the world, noting that no territory that had been occupied by a group of warring peoples had ever been pacified except through the conquest of that territory by one of these peoples. Leagues of Friendship always have had short lives. Considerable discussion ensued on the possibility that a World Government would emerge out of this war. It was agreed that assuming allied victory, it would depend upon the ability of the U.S.A., the U.S.S.R., and the British Empire to agree, an ability that the meeting feared was lacking.

Refreshments were now served, and the business meeting ensued. Two new members were elected to the club, William Payne and William Astle. The former secretary having failed to come back to the University this year, George Berge was elected secretary. It was agreed that a number of guests should be invited to the next meeting with a view to electing more new members.

issuance of news. Chairman of the committee is Jim Murphy. Mr. Cameron was approved as faculty member. Included in the committee were Editor-in-Chief of The Gateway, Director of the Year Book, and overtown newspaper correspondents.

A war services committee was approved, with Pat Routledge as chairman. Here the formation of committees was interrupted by the collapse of Larue's coke bottle microphones. The formation of the other committees was continued, with three more being created under the War Services Committee. These three were an I.S.S. fund under Stu Purvis plus four members, a Christmas fund under Jack Garvin plus four members, a War Fund under Denys Law plus four members. This closed the list of committees for the evening. In this report, not very much detail has been given. However, at the first opportunity these various committees will be dealt with in full. Their purposes and aims will be made clear and all members listed in full.

The last article of business dealt with before the meeting closed was a request for the McGoun debaters to be allowed to travel. This was turned down.

WANTED

By Dramatic Society, a Prop Mistress to handle properties for "Watch on the Rhine" and the Interyear Plays.

Anyone interested, please hand in application to any member of the executive by Monday, Nov. 9.

THE GATEWAY



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IT'S ten o'clock on a very busy Thursday. A few members of the staff are huddled over the galleys trying to make news stories, features and advertising all come out even. For this is the special co-ed edition—a part of the Waw-Waw Blitz that has hit the campus this week-end. A fellow who goes by the name of Chaos wanders in and offers the following data for the use of all co-eds. We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of same and, feeling that it is in the general interest of the campus, we print it in the editorial column herewith:

Wee paws in our ramblings to mention a word or two in favor of one sad, sad fellow called Two Ton Tony. The advantages of taking this charming young chap waddling (and boy, can he waddle, just like a duck) are numerous. Just think of the pleasures to be had of squeezing 45 lbs. through the door for nothing. The maximum charge you know is for 180 lbs. Now, that extra poundage is almost equal to those other skinny runts being taken. Think, though, of taking two fellows for the price of one. And what's more, you'll have a real man.

Remember:

If there's nothing else to be had,
Just phone 32489 and ask for Thad.

And here's another little plug ugly just hot off the wire:

It's about someone tall and debonair,
A moustache and dark wavy hair.
You can't go wrong—he's the real goods,
Just phone 31631 and ask Ken Woods.

If you want one helluva good time
Don't hesitate, phone 33929.
Zate you Chester?

If you want someone nice who won't run up
a bill
You're cooking with ice if you phone Dick
Hill (34032).

If it's a gander you lack
Remember Bob Black (32976).

If you want a real KIDDing
Phone 32489 and start your bidding.

If you're minus a Carr,
It is said Neil comes up to par (33146).

Would you like someone always on time?
How about Bert Hall at 32489?

Are you the type who would like a line?
Phone Bill Payne at 33929.

If you want a date that's not exactly heaven,
Phone the R.S.M., and we do mean Bevan.

Unless you are a total abstainer,
Phone 32602 and ask for Walter Gainer.

If you're the type who is weak and nervous,
You'll be at home with Stu Purvis.

Here's one for the girl whose tastes are
frugal:
Try a date with Al McDougall (33973).

We'll admit these poems will give you a
pain,
But it won't be the same if you try Bill
Main (31631).

CASSEROLE



Who knows a good joke?

Well, of course, there's always the old one . . .

An Irishman, an American and a Jew were having a good old international squabble. "Well," said the American, "I'm sending my son to Harvard this winter." The Jew said, "What good does that do him?" The Irishman then upped and said, "Why, he can become Archbishop of Dublin." The Jew replied, "That's nothing." The Irishman, slightly piqued, responded, "Then he can become Archbishop of Canterbury." The Jew said nothing to this, so the Irishman went on, "And then he can become Pope." The Jew shrugged his shoulders, so the Irishman said, "What would you like to become, Jesus Christ?" The Jew laconically replied, "One of our boys did it."

(Don't ask me where the American comes in.)

Dirt Section

He—Good girls don't hold hands.
She—Good girls have to hold hands.

Mother—Where do bad little girls go?
Girl—Most anywhere.

Please don't hold this against me:

What did one skeleton in the museum say to another skeleton? "I'd get out of here if I had the guts."

To keep on the topic:

A nigger walking through a graveyard came to a grave on which was the inscription, "Not dead, just sleeping." The nigger stopped, scratched his head, and said, "Son, you ain't foolin' none but yo'self."

What did the firefly say when it lost its tail?
"Delighted, no end!"

My, My!

Two Varsity students were arguing over what they were going to do one Saturday evening. So they decided to flip a coin; heads they'd go to a show, tails they'd go to a dance, and if it stood on end, they'd study.

Pome

I think that I shall never see
A man refuse a meal that's free,
A man with greedy eyes not fixed
Upon a drink that's being mixed,
A man who doesn't like a swig of rye,
And a lot of suits to match that one red tie,
Men are loved by gals like me,
But who the h— would kiss a tree?

Johnny was asked to go with Mrs. Smith's family for a car ride out to the country. His mother reminded him when he was leaving to thank Mrs. Smith afterwards. When he came home in the evening, his mother asked him if he had remembered to thank Mrs. Smith. Johnny never said a word. "Johnny," she said, "didn't I tell you to thank Mrs. Smith for the ride?" "I did thank her," Johnny whispered, "but she told me not to mention it."

Due to lack of space and interest, Cassie Casserole will now conclude this short but devastating column. Any similarity to former Casserole columns is purely coincidental.

Out of A Job



Swap one Editor-in-Chief for any feminine thief — Frank Meston, 31155, Gateway office.

CORRESPONDENCE

AS A PROF. SEES IT

October 30, 1942.

Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Sir,—About once in every ten years I have an overwhelming desire to break into print in The Gateway. The last time I appeared on your pages was with a poem (!—yes, I went through that stage, too)—in which I defended Communism. That was a long time ago, and it is a good thing it was, for it took me a long time to live down my "Red taint".

The subject of my letter today is, in many ways, just as obnoxious to some minds as Communism was ten years ago, but I feel that it is time that this matter be dragged into the light and held up to the scorn that it deserves. My subject is that obscene word that is heard so often on this campus—namely, "tubing".

"Tubing" is the most loathsome and depraved of a long list of terms that range from "pulling the wool over his eyes" down through "bluffing", buttering up, smoothing down, soft-soaping, apple polishing, etc., etc., etc., all of which are intended to convey the meaning that some extra brilliant individual is besting a superior—not through intelligence and knowledge, but by ingratiating himself through conveying an impression of interest in the superior's work and wisdom. These terms are, surprisingly enough, used only by those who would not stoop to such things themselves, but who are quick to notice these traits in others.

"Tubing" is a particularly vicious word. It is one that cuts to the quick, and it carries a stigma that makes even the most hardened flinch. It is a dangerous word, too, and I know from my own experience that many times I refrained from approaching my instructor with questions that would have solved some knotty problem for fear that my fellow-students would think that I was "tubing". I now realize that such an attitude of fear on my part was a mistake—I penalized myself to satisfy a silly idea that has been allowed to flourish on this campus like some deadly plant that blights and poisons everything it touches. I doubt if there is a student on this campus today but who, before he asks a question in class or approaches his instructor after class, mentally weighs the importance of his question against the danger of being classed as a "tuber". Should such a state of affairs as this be allowed to exist in a university? I think not, and I believe that the majority will agree with me.

I believe that a student should be allowed to ask questions in class, providing of course that the questions are limited in number and have a direct bearing on the subject under discussion; and I further believe that students and instructors should become more appreciative of each other's viewpoint by meeting for informal discussions. I am certain that if such conditions prevailed a better spirit would be engendered and both instructors and students would get far more out of their courses. But this can never come about until we rid this campus of the term "tubing", with all of its implied meaning.

I do not know who originated the "tubing", but whoever he was he did more harm to education, and to friendly relations between staff and students at this University than all the other incidents that have ever occurred. He must have been a man with the mentality of a chimpanzee, still carrying with him the "teacher's pet" idea that is usually discarded by boys and girls when they enter high school. And whoever he was, he was both lazy and malicious. He would not display any interest himself, and when other students showed interest he labelled it "tubing". It is a sad thing to admit, but it is true that we have many of his ilk with us today, and these are the lads who are always classifying others as "tubers".

Now, it should be self-evident to even the greenest of Freshmen that members of the staff are quite capable of distinguishing between genuine interest and what I prefer to call "bluffing". If this is granted, then there is no need for many student to worry about a misinterpretation of his actions, be it in asking questions either during, or after, the lecture. If he is genuinely interested, then his instructor will soon find it out. If he is trying to "bluff"—well, that will be found out, too.

Let us compare the situation to a poker game. Many of you have read stories about poker games — you would, of course have never played the game — and you realize that "bluffing" is a definite art and calls for the exercise of considerable skill in order to be successful. A successful "bluffer" must have had years of experience, and seldom, if ever, will he try to "bluff" against a "pat hand". Isn't it logical to say that when a student seeks information from an instructor he is playing against a "pat hand"? The instructor holds all the cards, and when he "calls" he can easily see whether the student is "playing the game" or whether he is trying to be a "sharper".

Most of the members of the staff have had a long and varied experience with students. They have met all types; those who were genuinely interested, and those who tried to "bluff" their way through. And from that long and varied experience they know how to distinguish, and what is more important, how to handle, the "bluffers". But, unfortunately, a great many students persist in believing that the instructor is a simple individual—so wrapped up in his studies and so unworried that he can be "put on" by any student who wishes to "bluff" his way through University. In fact, many members of the student body are so convinced that instructors are as described above that they spend a large part of their University career

making a loud, slurpy sound whenever another student asks a question in class, or after class. This sound, I presume, is to inform the instructor that he is being "put on". This isn't very flattering to the instructor. You, individually, pride yourselves on your ability to size-up people. Don't you think the instructors can do likewise?

I am not particularly concerned about the staff members. Most of them are quite capable of handling this problem in their own way; but I am concerned about the effect of this situation on the good student's thirst for knowledge, and on the friendly relationship between the student body and the staff. This applies more particularly to Freshmen—most of them come here anxious to gain knowledge, and to meet people who have demonstrated that they do know a certain amount about various subjects. They arrive here fresh and eager—and when they start to ask questions they suddenly find that they are classed as "tubers"—outcasts from society. This both hurts and bewilders them—they came here for knowledge and they suddenly find that it "just isn't the thing" to seek knowledge. Some of the more hardy will persist, but the great majority will shrink before the appellation and in self-defence will start applying the word to others.

I think that the record of this University demonstrates fairly well what happens to the "bluffer". If you know any genuine "bluffers", or "tubers", if you prefer, I advise you to watch them. If they are Freshmen—they won't be with us after April. If they are Sophomores or Juniors, they may be with us for a few more years—until such times as, through a process of absorption, they have assimilated enough knowledge to obtain the minimum marks required to enter the Senior year. In all fairness, I must admit that such persons are rare, and to my knowledge very few students, after they pass (?) the February test, attempt to "bluff". By that time their instructors have called their "bluff" with the November and Christmas tests.

Now, the point I am trying to

make is that students should realize that as far as most staff members are concerned "tubing" simply does not exist. It only exists in the student mind. And as soon as a student states that another student is "tubing" to a certain instructor, he implies that the instructor is so dumb that he can't recognize the difference between genuine interest and "bluffing".

In closing, I would like to say—particularly to Freshmen—"Go ahead and ask questions, meet your instructors and get to know them; you will soon find out that they 'know their way around', and if you think you can 'bluff' them you will find out differently by next April." And as for those who have dedicated their University career to "helping (?) the instructor locate the 'bluffers,'" I refer them back to the paragraph describing the originator of the term. There they can see for themselves.

Thanking you very kindly, Mr. Editor, for the donation of space, I am,

As always,
J. H. BROWN, M.Sc.,
Lecturer in Entomology.

OUTDOOR CLUB

November 2, 1942.

Editor, The Gateway,
University of Alberta,
Edmonton, Alberta.

Dear Sir,—There is an old saying, "When a person has a strong case, he sticks to the facts; when he has a weak case, he damns his rival." That is the light in which I want all readers to view various comments that were made regarding former statements of mine.

A. ASHDOWN MARSHALL

AND ASSOCIATES

OPTOMETRISTS

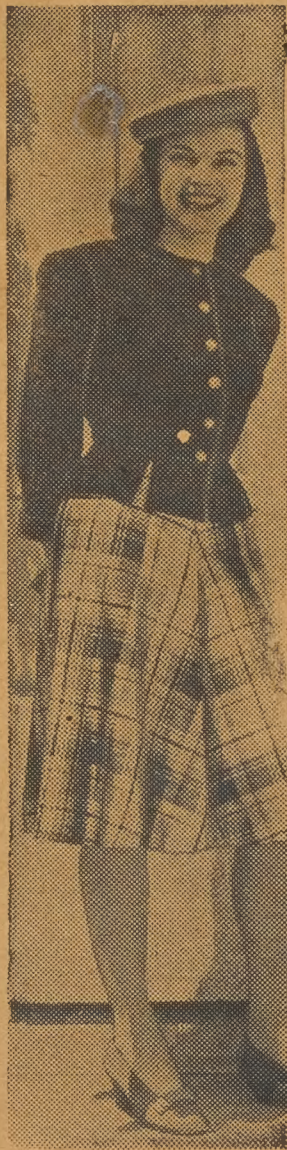
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CORRESPONDENCE
(Continued from Page 2)

of it is that we have a representative on the W.A.B., and none whatsoever on the M.A.B. Thus it seems a little silly to hear people who should know the facts, say to me, "Why don't you read the Constitution?" Actually the case is this. Under this outmoded section of the Constitution the W.A.B. has done everything in its power to co-operate. The question has been discussed intelligently with the President of that Board, and I must say that I can't imagine a person better fitted to fill that position. Thus it is entirely false to say we have representation on the M.A.B., and impractical to cite present Constitutional provisions. However, as the matter stands, we do not need a representative on the M.A.B., unless it be one of our ski instructors or an athletic coach.

Next, let me say that for the present we have withdrawn our request for a representative on the Students' Council for several reasons:

(1) I had hoped that the Council would pass a temporary arrangement, without Constitutional changes at this time. But it appears that they cannot, or will not.

(2) The "new policy" of the Outdoor Club should prove itself for at least a year, to be (a) practical and (b) lasting, before any permanent changes be made.

(3) Under Sec. VIII (9) of the Constitution, there is ample provision for all we need at this time, providing the Students' Council exercises that power. But, please note, that the Council has to do an initial positive act before that provision is of any use.

It is quite apparent from the comment on the sports page by an important member of the M.A.B. that we have about as much support from them as we have from the local ladies' aid. That would seem to be ample proof that it would be to our detriment to ask them to take any of our policies to the Council.

(1) Let me make it plain that, though the Outdoor was originally a Ski Club and definitely under the Athletic Boards, that is no longer true. This club seems to be the largest on the campus, and its activities are unlimited. We could form our own athletic board, our own musical board, and our own social board. Indeed, we have found it necessary to do so in many cases. Please understand that our activities are no longer purely athletic.

(2) Under the present conditions, with so much criticism as to the lack of University spirit, you might think somebody would do something about it, instead of whimpering up and down the columns of The Gateway. The Outdoor Club is the best possible solution at the present time. Here, according to our present plans, every student is, ipso facto, a member, and active membership can easily be obtained. Everybody mingles equally, regardless of club, faculty or class affiliation. Every

THE FUTURE

Everywhere here you hear a sound that must haunt the uneasy dreams of Herman Goering and his swaggering Luftwaffe. You hear the sound of war planes, from furious Spitfires streaking across the sky to the giant four-engined bombers with their terrible loads of destruction. Yes, more and more war planes, until this island is beginning to look like a gigantic aircraft carrier.

Well, Goering screamed and threatened and bullied us into playing the dreadful game this way, and now they shall have all they asked for, and more for good measure, so that when the last of these planes has done its work, no man shall be mad enough to plunge the world into aerial warfare again. The eagles gather and scream; over the Rhine the twilight deepens, and soon that doomsday which is foreshadowed in the mind of the Teuton will break and the dark empire of Hitler will be nothing but an evil dream.—J. B. Priestley, in London Calling.

I have spoken of the strain this vast organization of the nation's war effort imposes upon the individual citizen. But if you were here among us I think you would be impressed with the cheerfulness of our people. Complaints are heard, of course, of individual hardships and privations. But there is none of the querulousness which these conditions of stress and anxiety might be expected to produce. One cannot praise too highly the patience, bravery and endurance of our people. These qualities are displayed not only in the periods of fiery trial when the air blitzes are on, but equally in the steady plodding work of every day;

active member is obliged to support the Executive Committee in all the club's activities. Now, the next problem is whether or not we can get the Students' Council behind us to lend some active, not passive support.

(3) At the present time it is imperative that all University students stay out of the public eye. Any non-military activities which draw public attention to University activities should be forbidden by the Council. All rallies and get-togethers should not be discontinued, but held in an inconspicuous manner. The Outdoor Club has the basic provisions and necessary energy for such activities.

Regardless of the petty criticism and ridicule of many student officials, I have no doubt whatsoever that with strong leadership, the Outdoor Club will show great promise. Let me say in closing, that any student can come down to our activities at any time, and be more than welcome. We should also like the pleasant surprise of finding some of the faculty members as our guests, should they so desire.

Very truly yours,
DON M. CORMIE,
Secretary-Treasurer.

In the high morale in the factories, in the splendid comradeship of the fighting Services, and in the homes of the working people. Believing implicitly in the righteousness of our cause, they have been greatly encouraged by the outstanding achievements of American industry. Now, embarking on the fourth year of war, they are supremely confident that no matter how long or difficult may be the road that must be traversed before our enemies are defeated, the people of the United Nations and Britain will win through to peace, security, and prosperity for all who toil.—Sir Walter Citrine, in the B.B.C.'s North American Service.

It is the glory of the British Empire to have discovered how to harmonize order and freedom. We have discovered a sort of sixth sense, a sense of the right balance between the conflicting needs of the small-scale individual, the local group, the nation, and a Commonwealth embracing a quarter of the world. To-day we have to face this problem on a still more extended scale—to find the right balance between the needs of the ordinary man and woman in every one of the five continents and the collective needs of the world as a whole.

Some people seem inclined to think that the work of the British Empire is done and that it may be time to hand on the torch to others. They don't realize how much there remains for us to do. Let them reflect on the responsibility that rests on us—and on us almost alone—to use, and to teach others to use, this precious sixth sense, by means of which the best of the inherited values of mankind can be preserved in the new environment that the scientists and the social engineers are preparing for us to live in.—Sir Alfred Zimmern, in the B.B.C.'s Pacific Service.

If a dozen States in Europe have fallen under Hitler, it is not because they refused to become Socialist (in some of them, as in Scandinavia, socialization had gone very far), but because they refused to combine in resistance to him, refused all forms of collective defense. It is in this field of international politics, more than in the field of social organization, where change may have been slow but was unquestionably taking place, that some revolutionary idea was needed to break down the innate conservatism of the nationalist outlook. And it is here that Churchill has revealed himself as bold and radical to an extreme degree; witness his offer to France to conclude a Solemn Act of Union, making the two countries one. He is revolutionary where revolution is most needed.

To imply, as Mr. Laski does, that no social progress has been made in Britain since the last war is a strange reading of the history of the twenty



"He's not my type, exactly, -but I think I can get his trophy collection for the scrap drive!!"

PRETTY!

Pretty? I'll tell the whole world she's so—
She's as pretty as the soft golden leaves which go
Scampering across a rustic lawn aglow
With all the soft colors only nature can bestow.

And when the Autumn turns to winter she is still
As pretty as the lone fir, which on Hartley's hill
Stands firm, battling the breezes soft or shrill
Which heap the soft snow on my window sill.

She's as pretty as the sight of fresh white snow
Falling on the silver grey birch bent low;
While all the time a gentle wind does blow
The snow against the ditch in a long white row.

And through the long nights so silent and still,
When the bleak cold winds drift the snow to fill
All the holes and depressions, leaving only a kill.
But none of these terrors her beauty can kill.

And when once more the streams do flow,
And man his crops begins to sow,
Together on a hill we sit, and I know
That I love this pretty maiden as the warm winds blow.

—By MORB.

years in which Britain has developed the most elaborate social security system in the world, in which the government of the country has twice been entrusted to organized labor (acting through its political instrument, the Labor Party), and where equalization of income through income tax and death duties has been

pushed to a degree unknown elsewhere.—Sir Norman Angell.

In sober resolution, in modest hope and strong faith, we move forward to an unknown future. There is no reason why we should not hopefully and sincerely attempt to carry out for the world the task which now

need \$10 -- love" --- Sue

Dear Mom:

Oh, woe! I just hate telling you this, but I'm practically broke again. It's just awful, and here's Waw-Waw Weekend just around the corner. I hope Pop's in a good mood, 'cause you'll have to sort of talk him into sending me a cheque, and P.D.Q. too. Please, Mom, it's urgent!

I s'pose you're wondering what in the world Waw-Waw Weekend is—it's another one those affairs that put a crimp in a girl's pocketbook, and also in her girlish modesty—like the Wauneita. We do the asking and the paying. So help me, it seems to me that the men around here must have a big say as to the social affairs, 'cause so far they're far ahead of the weaker sex, financially speaking. Of course, there is the advantage that a girl can take her pick of the handsome men around here, unless someone has beaten her to it—and usually I'm beaten to it—it's so utterly disgusting—but it always seems to take me so darn long to get up enough nerve to ask a man, that by that time all the really eligible men have been asked—and I have to take someone like Johnnie, whom I've known since I started public school, and you know how unexciting he is!

My first problem is who I'll take to the Waw-Waw Wiggle—isn't that cute? I mean, the name they've given the dance on Saturday night. I've practically decided on that, though, 'cause I was told today that we have to pay for our escorts according to their weight—half a cent a pound—not worth much, are

they?)—and as Ken must weigh close to 180 lbs. I've decided he's definitely out as far as the Waw-Waw Wiggle is concerned—I'm taking Bill to that, he just looks as if he'd weigh about 150 or so, and 15c is 15c. After all, a girl has to think of her pocketbook, too. Really, though, Mom, I had to have some way of deciding whom I'd take to the dance and whom I'd take to the show, and since this came up, I thought I'd use it to decide. I'm sure Ken will like the show on Friday night—we're going to the Garneau to see Bing Crosby and Fred Astaire in Holiday Inn. I saw that just before I left home (remember?), but I liked it so well I won't mind seeing it again.

I might take Johnnie roller-skating on Saturday afternoon, though—but just the thought of it (roller-skating, not Johnnie) makes my blood curdle. The last I went—remember?—I fell so hard that every joint in my body ached the next day—and the worst part was, of course, everyone had to be there to see my disgrace; and there'll be a lot of kids there on Saturday—so I just put a big question-mark beside that event. Heaven only knows, I'm no athlete.

It'll just be my darned luck if they are both already asked, 'cause then I'll have to ask Johnnie to one of the affairs—he's been hinting about it for a week.

Oh, golly, Mom, I'll have to go now—I have to study for an exam in Accounting.

Love to all.

SUE.

ORDERS IS ORDERS

The Tuck Shop is suddenly very quiet—strangely enough, there is not a girl in it. A great many boys are sitting about placidly drinking cokes (if there are any), but where are the ladies? Perhaps they are in the Arts rotunda; the world and his dog seem to collect there. But no, this is empty except for one hurried little Freshette, who dashes madly across the hall.

"Army t'day," she calls back across her shoulder. "I'm late."

The mystery is solved—the co-eds

confronts us as never before in the history of our race.

An American statesman has called this the century of the plain man and common people. I feel that in this vast suffering through which our race is passing we are being carried to a deeper sense of social realities. We are passing beyond ordinary politics and political shibboleths. It is no longer a case of socialism or communism or any of the other isms of the market place, but of achieving common justice and fair play for all. — Field Marshal Smuts.

QUOTEUNQUOTE.

(Continued on Page 6)



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Highway Miracle

By ALAN KERSHAW

In this highly mechanized and scientific age probably no engineering project has caused more comment or discussion than the Alaskan Highway. This is due partly to its strategic importance in a highly militarized and fortified world, and partly to the fact that it passes through a section of Canada shrouded with mystery and doubt and hitherto inaccessible.

From the very time of the earliest explorers the North has been regarded as a vast unknown, sparsely populated with trappers, fur traders and a few social outcasts. It has been a paradise for the fur traders, for they have been free to exploit the ignorant trappers without any mercy, charging them the most exorbitant prices for their meagre supplies, and giving them the lowest possible prices for their furs. Little by little, however, settlers have trekked in until today the regions around Ft. St. John and Dawson Creek are settled with farmers and lumberjacks. Lack of markets along with many other difficulties has made life a desperate struggle for these rugged pioneers.

Today, however, is the dawn of a new era. The long-awaited Alaska Highway has at last come. It is only a short six months ago that the plans were laid for this gigantic undertaking, and then the work began. Mile by mile this road was pounded through one of the most difficult road-building areas on the North American continent. The task was stupendous, but it was engineered by some of the most skillful and capable engineers in the world. Under these circumstances there could be only one end—the road went through, and now through this vast and untamed wilderness trucks speed on into the North.

It is practically impossible to describe in a realistic and detailed way the various phases of such a project. In the early days of March, when the thermometers registered thirty and forty below zero, American engineers headed into the North. They travelled by dog team, taking with them a supply of food and camping equipment. It was their task to explore the possibilities of the various suggested routes, and decide which was the most satisfactory for the plan that the allies had in mind. The hardship that these men endured is hard to describe, and many of the dangers that they exposed themselves to will never be recorded. In the bitterest of weather their supplies gave out, and for days they existed on corn meal. Finally the spring thaws came, and they found themselves hundreds of miles from civilization with little or no food and six or eight half-starved dogs. To add to these difficulties, the ice on streams and lakes started to go out, and the men were forced to expose themselves to the most extreme dangers crossing them. In spite of all these perils, however, they kept

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going, and ultimately they arrived back at Ft. St. John with all the information necessary to make a beginning on the actual road work. Early in the work it was necessary to "run the L-line," that is, run a line through showing the exact location of the road. Some interesting stories are told by the boys who did this work. Sometimes they stood for hours at a time up to their knees in slush and water. Occasionally they encountered bears which clumped noisily away into the timber, or quickly climbed a tree. In the late spring the mosquitoes came, but adequate preparation had been made to minimize discomfort caused by them. Actually they proved to be much less of a menace than was expected. The greatest pest of all proved to be the black flies. These were difficult to control, and even more difficult to keep out of the clothes of the men. Bites from them left bleeding sores. The season for these flies, however, was short, so they did not prove to be a very serious problem.

After the location of the road was carefully marked out by the surveyors, the lumberjacks came from Northern Minnesota. Their work was to clear off the timber and remove the stumps. Camps were built at intervals of about twenty miles, and then the road clearing began. Day after day the men worked, not eight hours a day, but twelve. Every few minutes there came the cry—Timber! followed a second or two later by the crash of a tree. Working in and out around the lumberjacks were bulldozers, which were used to remove the stumps. At 12 o'clock noon trucks came bringing the men their dinners, and what dinners they were! Huge quantities of beef, beans, potatoes and everything necessary to provide an excellent meal. To top this off there were pies, not two or three, but twenty-five or thirty of them. These men did not believe in wasting time at their work, and they applied the same principles at meal times. Never before were such quantities of food consumed in such a short time. In less than half an hour they were back at their work. When night came they were taken by trucks to the camps, and after supper they went to bed or played poker. The evening meal was probably the most interesting of all. It was served about 7 o'clock, and the men were called into the dining hall by gongs. When the gong went there was a chorus of yells and oaths, followed by a mad rush to the tables. The men were fairly quiet at the table—they couldn't eat as they did and spend much time talking. There were, however, some remarks made, such as "Pass that G—d— coffee" or "Hey, you son of a —, they're going to serve breakfast in the morning." These men applied a capitalistic type of philosophy at the table—they loaded their plates with everything they could possibly get on, not always because they wanted it themselves, but more often to prevent others from getting it.

The clearing was followed by the disposing of the timber. Unfortunately there was only one way of doing this—it had to be burnt. In order to lessen fire hazards, this was done almost entirely at night. All night long the firemen piled heavy logs and branches on fires in the centre of the clearing. Sometimes, in spite of all the precautions taken, fires broke out in the timber near by. At times like these the men fought fires all night and often all the next day.

After a few miles had been cleared the grading began. It is needless to say that this was done with some of the most modern road-building machinery in existence. Never before in the history of Canada has so much road been built in such a remarkably short time. Almost 1,500 miles of road was built in the short space of one summer.

It is rather interesting to stop for a minute to consider how this vast undertaking was viewed by the settlers around Ft. St. John and Dawson Creek. One farmer who homesteaded near the town fifteen years ago told about how he came to the North in the hopes of getting away from the hustle and bustle of more densely populated areas. "For fifteen years," he said, "I have had nothing but perfect peace and quietness, but now," he complained, "it is all over." One little girl, when asked how she liked the new road replied in a low, timid voice, "They're spoiling our lovely scenery. I don't like it." But these views are not by any means representative of the general attitude of the people. It is recognized by practically all that the coming of the highway has changed their whole made of living, and has given them a new hope in life.

One of the greatest points of interest to visitors in the North is the bears. One engineer expressed the opinion that the bears were more numerous than mosquitoes. This is obviously a rather exaggerated statement, but the fact remains that there are a great many bears in the North. In the early stages of the work they showed themselves quite willing to meet the men on friendly terms, and it was not long before they became real pets. In the evenings it was not unusual to see anywhere from ten to fifteen feeding on garbage thrown out by the cooks. Within a few weeks they became so tame that they would eat from the hands of the men. There came a time when they were actually a nuisance, and something had to be done to keep them away. It was decided to build an electric fence and connect it up with the lighting plant. This was done, and its effectiveness was even greater than was expected. Later, however, it was taken down as one small bear was electrocuted, and the men did not want to see their pets destroyed in this way.

The town of Ft. St. John would be for many even more interesting than the city of Edmonton. When the Alaska Highway work first began it was a small town of possibly an hundred inhabitants. At that time it possessed all the characteristics of a very poverty stricken and backward village. Today it is a thriving and prosperous frontier town. It is doubtful whether any other town in Canada does more business or attracts more newcomers. At the beginning of the Highway work the P.R.A. officials slept in an old dilapidated garage. Their beds consisted of blankets on the floor. Meals were provided at the one and only restaurant. Later, however, proper accommodation was provided and now the men enjoy all the comforts of a modern city.

When the war is over and once again we are free to enjoy complete freedom of the press, then and then only will the secrets of this great highway be revealed to all. When that time comes, as it surely will, the Alaska Highway will be revealed to all as one of the greatest feats of engineering skill in the history of the world, and to posterity it will be a symbol of the friendship that existed between two great powers struggling side by side to uphold Christian ideals and brotherly love.

Cookie Capers

Here we are again—the conventional opening, no less! We cooked up some more news and present it (we hope) with just the right dash of flavor and seasoning.

Our two House Ec. candidates in the class elections came out with flying colors. Congratulations to Bunty and Jane!

Just to keep up on things—you know how it is—we read Slide Rule Slants. To our delight we found that in last Friday's Gateway the House Eccers were the first thing mentioned in that worthy article (if such you could call it). From these cracks back and forth, one might gather that the "40 beer men" and the House Eccers just didn't get along. Proof to the contrary can be found by noting the large number of House Ec.-Engineer couples at various U. of A. functions—and elsewhere. Some of those Engineers show amazing good taste.

At this stage of the game we're torn between studying for those all-important quizzes and doing our duty to the ganders. Lucky ganders, too, that get the quack from us.

• FOR MEN ONLY •

Men are what women marry. They have two hands, two feet, and sometimes two wives, but never more than one dollar or one idea at a time.

Like Turkish cigarettes, men are all of the same material. The only difference is that some are a little better disguised than others.

Generally speaking, they may be divided into three classes—husbands, bachelors, and widowers. An eligible bachelor is a mass of abstinence entirely surrounded by suspicion. Husbands are of three varieties: prizes, surprises, and consolation prizes.

Making a husband out of a man is one of the highest plastic arts known to civilization. It requires science, sculpture, common sense, faith, hope, and charity—especially charity.

It is a psychological marvel that a soft, fluffy, sweet, toilet-water-scented little thing like a woman should enjoy being kissed by a big, awkward, stubby-chinned, tobacco and bay rum-scented thing like a man.

If you flatter a man, you frighten him to death; and if you don't, you bore him to death. If you permit him to make love to you, he gets tired of you in the end, and if you're tired of him, he gets tired of you in the beginning.

If you believe him in everything, you soon cease to interest him; and if you argue with him in everything, you cease to charm him. If you believe all he tells you, he thinks you are a fool, and if you don't, he thinks you are a cynic.

If you wear gay colors and startling hat, he hesitates to take you out; and if you wear a little brown toque and a tailor-made, he takes you out and stares all evening at a woman in gay colors, rouge and a startling hat.

If you join in the gaieties and approve of his smoking, he swears you are driving him to the devil; and if you don't approve of his smoking, he swears you are driving him to the devil.

If you are a clinging-vine type, he doubts whether you have any brains; and if you are a modern, advanced and independent woman, he doubts whether you have a heart.

If you are still, he longs for a bright mate; and if you are brilliant and intellectual, he longs for a playmate.

If you are popular with other men, he is jealous; and if you are not, he hesitates to marry a wallflower.

A man is but a worm of the dust—he comes along, wiggles a while, and finally some chicken gets him.

SLIDE RULE SLIPS

By BUTCH

Here comes the beer wagon once more, so hang on, folks—you know what women drivers are.

After a month and a half of seeing only men (?), men (?) and more men (?), Butch and Muscles are completely demoralized—we whistle at "significant figures" and even try to date Betty Co-ed. Isn't it awful?

How's your sense of humor? It is? Well, if you can see anything in this you're a better man than I am, Gunga Din.

A man travelling on a train, got off when the train stopped at a

?????

"We're in the army now, We're not behind the mop..."

This doesn't rhyme. I'm fully aware of the fact, but didn't our own Willie Shakespeare write in blank verse, and very nicely too? However, be that as it may—my poetry may not rhyme, but it is full to overflowing with poignant meaning. I exaggerate? Perhaps, but anyone so totally unaccustomed to the arduous rigors of army drill as myself would agree that such a suggestion is unlikely. I trust I have average intelligence (a somewhat debatable point), but drilling for ninety minutes twice a week is almost more than my mentality can cope with. Outside drilling proved to be a feasible feat, but inside drilling in an atmosphere composed mainly of frigid air, conglobulated orders, and sundry noises emitted by rifles, army boots and Bren guns (I am not divulging military secrets, because I am sure they are not Bren guns; they merely look to me as I imagine a Bren gun would look like if it were) requires nothing short of iron nerves, superhuman hearing and a smattering of mind-reading ability. When nine platoon leaders and a gun-loading crew practicing are giving forth simultaneously, I find it extremely difficult to distinguish between "aut turn" and "aut turn," one standing for "right about turn" and the other merely signifying "right turn." But, after all, if one doesn't get all the way round—well, so what? The soldiers on the side lines grin like cheshires, the instructor verges on apoplexy, and the rest of the platoon giggles girlishly—so what? I'm still alive, aren't I?

But this is ridiculous, and it comes of trying my inexperienced hand at blank verse. I wonder what Willie Shakespeare ate for breakfast—Wheaties?

station, to get some matches. He put a penny in the slot machine, only to find that it was empty. Then he noticed that he had put in a quarter, not a penny. He turned around just in time to see his train leaving the station. He stomped down the platform to where a man was bending over tying his shoelaces, and kicked the man in his protruding extremity, and said, "You're always tying your shoelaces."

Then there was the Engineer (Freshie, of course) who started out in Chem. lab. to prove he was a plant (a pansy?) and not an animal. He got as far as proving that he exhaled oxygen, but where does that get you; in the end?

Well, straight-jackets are always cosy. Had yours fitted yet?

Wanted: Someone to interpret (a) the language Engineers use, (b)

tinguish between "aut turn" and "aut turn," one standing for "right about turn" and the other merely signifying "right turn." But, after all, if one doesn't get all the way round—well, so what? The soldiers on the side lines grin like cheshires, the instructor verges on apoplexy, and the rest of the platoon giggles girlishly—so what? I'm still alive, aren't I?

But this is ridiculous, and it comes of trying my inexperienced hand at blank verse. I wonder what Willie Shakespeare ate for breakfast—Wheaties?

jokes at E.S.S. meetings. Apply, Butch and Muscles.

Aiming at 40 beers, so far our capacity has reached 38.5, but give us time and we'll make it.

According to Doc Sheldon, enlarging improves one's figure. That ain't the way I heard it.

Or, as the Nanny said to the Billy-goat: "Do you really love me or are you just kidding?"

As a prophet, Bob Macbeth makes a swell fan-dancer. See page 22 of the Handbook for his ideas on inter-fac rugby; yet everyone and his dog know that the whisky-wallowers are the champs. Gee, I'd hate to be a Med.

This column wouldn't be complete without a mention of the Engineers' dream-come-true, one Hermie. Say, kid, haven't you got a brother?

Barber to Freshie Engineer—That's a fine head of skin you have there.

Stagger around again some time and burble booze with us.

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waw waw gladrags

This week, let's concentrate on what the gals are wearing instead of what they wish they wore or should wear. All fall this 'un and that 'un have been appearing in the smartest duds ever, and sticking nicely to the new war regulations, too. Of bright interest is Mary Bowstead's red wool tailored suit, finished smartly with black jersey blouse and black espadrilles. Lois Baker wanders happily around in said espadrilles, but hers are red too, and adds to her shoe collection a smart pair of low brown loafers with nail studs. Snowboots are in the "all" with the 12 inches of snow one night this week—rubber soled like Muriel Ness' or leather soled like Sister Sylvia's.

That long green torso sweater worn by Sheelagh Clooney that she matches with a plaid skirt really is on the beam. June McCaig's snowy white one and Hermie's light mauve, Marian Might's brown and gold plaid one, Sheila McRae's zig-zag stripe, Isabel Macgregor's long, plain red one—wear them girls, they are typically "us," and even if the men don't agree that they are, they are just trying to be lord and master.

After dark, Ruth Waddell turns on the charms in a red and white polka dotted dinner and evening dress. Helen McDougall, feather bob and all, charms her swains with that black plaid skirt and velvet top. Patty Firth dances in a gold dress trimmed with a gold and green beaded necklace, and there is gobs and gobs of it. Velvet tops and net or tulle skirts seem to hold precedence—Dorothy Ravenscroft has a black and white combination, and her sidekick and friend, Doris Williams, dons a wine and blue one. Doris Kirk reminds us all of Greek classics in her Grecian cut black and white dinner dress. Skelly—Marj. Skelton—its glamor "plus" in white, while Shirley McIntyre features blue verriy nicely.

Around the neck, on the lapel, front and everywhere we have been seeing the smartest jobs. Betty Bal-four shows her affection to bugs and Hermie and Irene McGavin to babies—please note the wooden beads they wear. Mary Barb Mason is "two-faced" when she wears her powder and puff lady, it's all pink and blue, too. Ey Peterson topped them all this morning in her white sweater with the strands of black beads. Janet Martin has buttons on a dark striped jacket made of pine cones.

Last, but most important today, are coats. Demaris Affaleck and Babs Hyndman are among the first to bring their furs out of storage. Mary Bowstead brightens the dark halls in her white jeep coat, and the men like Ellen Randle's black and white belted fur (authority G.L.).

Enuf gab and gamble on clothes for today, but watch for more another time.

The smart styles resulting from the Wartime Prices and Trade Board cloth conservation regulations are now in full production. Elimination of unnecessary frills and trimmings saves many hours of labor as well as material. The following is a summary of the chief changes as they affect women's and children's wear.

No cloth hats may be made to match coats or suits. No peaks made for or affixed to aviation style headgear. The colors of knitted basque berets are limited to the following colors: navy, brown, black, scarlet, dark green, royal, wine, beige and copenhagen blue. Note that all the yellow shades are entirely omitted. The color range of felt hats is reduced to 12, i.e., gallant blue (!), cruiser grey, concord wine, patriot green, turf tan, navy, nigger brown, black, scarlet and paddy green. And what interesting names these colors have—cruiser grey, patriot green . . .

To the lady who lives the long waistline effect we offer our sympathies, for strict regulation says no more tunic or torso blouses. And to ye whose hearts yen to those super three-piece suits—they can be no more.

Sleeves must be plain, not the favorite dolman, balloon or bias cut. Additional hoods, capes, scarves, or similar accessories are also "out". Wool linings will disappear when present manufacturers' stocks are exhausted, and wool interlinings are forbidden—and us with 12 inches of snow on the ground in one evening plus a 40 m.p.h. gale! Spare buttons, braid, ticket pockets, extra stitching, tabs, patch pockets and pocket flaps are eliminated. A sports jacket with a yoke is allowed two patch pockets without flaps.

Hosiery is really taking a beating. Just when the manufacturers were putting out the loveliest shades and qualities—nylon—they have to be cut down to Air Force blue, khaki, R.C.A.M.C. tan, gun-metal, black and four additional shades to be chosen by the manufacturer—for the full-fashioned types. Circular knit are restricted even more. Knee length and ankle socks to five body colors in addition to white. Shoes likewise—seven colors only, fancy finished cur-tailed, metal trim-mings banned. Cloth-over-cloth is to be avoided by the elimination—i.e., in day dresses—of matching accessories such as jackets, red-ingotes, hoods, scarves, capes, etc.—this note for female attention only!—no slips are to be sold with dresses unless the latter are of transparent material—they never were pretty anyhow! Lace and net evening dresses will have 1½ yard extra sweep over other materials, the latter being four yards and the former 5½ yards.

All-over tucking and shirring in blouses is prohibited. The sleeves are also restricted in shape, cuff, etc. No patch pockets on separate skirts or wool on the insides of any pocket. Attached bodices must be replaced with waist bands. Zip-pers must be no longer than 7 inches. The manufacture of lounging pyjamas is prohibited. Regulations as to amount of material, length of zippers affect the house coats and bath robes.

No hem on pyjamas to exceed ½ inch. Match-ing or contrasting material may not be applied to the garment, or used to make a jacket, coat hood or scarf to go with it. Ruffles or frills round the bottom hem are forbidden—i.e., the granny's nightie. Regulations are also clamped down on woven rayon undies—no more "sets" and only half elastic waist to . . .

No mention was made (by the Government) in the article from which this note has been taken of the regulations for those under-all-else rubber necessities to the women—but small whispers have been going around to the effect of having them retreated. Anyway, it's a thought.

Of interest to the men—suspenders may not have more than 12 inches of elastic in their composition, and no stitching on leather trimming for the purpose of decoration only. Belts to have one belt loop and one buckle. Cuffs allowed, but with a maximum turnup of 1½ inches on long pants. Limit of five buttons, excluding the collar button and one on each cuff, and pearl buttons will be replaced by substitutes when present stocks are exhausted, for the shirts.

Color range limited by each manufacturer of fur felt hats to 15 dark shades, black, and medium or pastel shades. Emblems, buttons, dome fasteners and back bands generally prohibited on caps and ski caps. Narrower sweat bands.

RUN -- GANDER -- RUN!

But not too fast. After all, we gals haven't got wings, yet. (At least, not so's you could notice!)

Yes, here we go again, off to find another man (or three, if you really want to be plutocratic), and literally drag him to any one of the three functions provided—or all three. We must say the boys in dear old U. of A. are getting really spoiled. Practically all their entertainment is provided, if they've got the patience to sit and wait for every entertainment provided by the girls to come around. (And isn't that what most of them do?)

You'll really enjoy the entertainment provided this time. Every-body does at least one of the three provided; sit in a movie, and all that goes with it, too, natchery. (By the way, is this "extra" entertainment also provided by the gal?) Then, if you've never tried roller-skating, brother, you've really missed something. (This is to encourage you, in case I ask you to come roller-skating.) It's really a sport of the gods. (And that doesn't mean the stag-line at Varsity.) If you don't do either of these, or even of you do, there's the "Wiggle" Saturday night. We hope you boys have been re-

ducing lately. It won't do you any harm anyway, and it will get you an invitation to the dance faster. (You'll be asked, anyway.)

Here are some hints on how not to act when you are asked to any of the functions—particularly when asked by a Freshie:

(1) Don't just stand and look at her as if she were some low form of moron. (So you're surprised; isn't there a better way of showing it?)

(2) If the invitation is by phone, help the poor gal out in the conversation a bit. It will probably take a long time for her to work around to the question, so you can make the conversation a little easier for both of you—maybe.

(3) A little encouragement always helps no end. And you'd be surprised just how little encouragement will net you an invitation. You can't keep a good girl down.

There goes Leon, Going like a neon, He's got an appointment With somebody's ointment. That's Leon Henderson.

—Ogden Nash.

The Drop of a Hat

Darling, what is that? That, angel, is a hat. Are you positive? Are you certain? Are you sure it's not a curtain? Shall you really place your head in it? How's for keeping cake or bread in it?

Do not wear it on your head; Find some other use instead. Say a cloth for drying dishes, Or a net for catching fishes, Or a veil by night to veto The bill of the mosquito?

Darling, what is that? Are you sure it is a hat? And if so, what was the matter With the hatter?

Was he troubled? Was he ill? Was he laughing fit to kill? Oh, what was on his mind As he designed?

Had he gone without his supper? Was he dressing in an upper?

Did he plot a wily plan To annoy his fellow man?

Is its aspect, rear and frontal Intended to disgruntle? Or was it accidental?

And is he now repentant. Are memoirs of the brim Now agony to him? Do visions of the crown Drag his spirit down? Oh, may the Furies batter That eleven-fingered hatter! May doom and gloom enswaddle The creator of this model! I hope he made a lot of them, That dozens he has got of them, I hope he has a harem And all his spouses warem.

—Ogden Nash.

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Adept at athletics,
Consisting of walking.

Inaccessible fellows,
You're brutally frank,
When you're quiet it's a sign
Your mind is a blank.

Incorrigible fellows,
But let's hope and pray
You develop some sense
In the forthcoming day.
—The Manitoban.

Hoop Season Opens

LOIS BELYEA



President of Women's Basketball

from 1 to 2:30. We have been able to obtain the services of a very fine coach in the person of Gordie Ferguson. He has a great deal of experience and a very fine record. A few years ago he was coach of the boy Grads, who were provincial title holders.

Interfac games will be played till Christmas, and the final series will decide the winner. It has been suggested that Mr. Ferguson attend the interfaculty games and help the girls improve their game. He said he would be glad to come any time he could be of assistance. So please, anyone who is at all interested, come on Tuesday night. Those who would like to turn out for the Senior team will attend their first practice Saturday at 1 p.m. All practices will be held in the drill hall.

W.A.A. HEAD



Kay Lind, president of Women's Athletics, advises all women students to watch the women's athletic notice board for scheduled events.

In the Spotlight

By HELEN McDUGALL

At the beginning of the year the general meeting of the W.A.A. voted unanimously to have the internural system changed to interfaculty sports. This system can only be successful if each faculty is wholeheartedly represented. Perhaps this complaint is premature, but I don't think so. Last year each fraternity saw that a team was turned out for any competition. The faculties haven't as firm control over the students as the fraternities have, chiefly because of the lack of personal contact, and about now the awful truth is beginning to dawn. Many students who came out for various sports last season will not be playing this year. Surely the bonds of your faculty should be as strong as those of your fraternity! Perhaps some voted for the interfac system because they saw an easy way to get out of straining their muscles. This article is not directed at you—only I hope you get fat. It is directed at those who just can't be bothered to support their faculty. That is a very poor attitude—and the success or failure of Varsity sports this year will depend absolutely on the correction of this outlook. Please don't think you aren't "good enough." If everyone looked at it that way, where would an activity be?—on the rocks, of course. So even if you aren't exactly spectacular, it won't hurt you to try; everyone else is in the same boat. It will only cost you a small amount of time, and a slightly larger amount of energy. The only pre-requisite necessary is a willingness to learn.

Perhaps it is just a rumor, but ye olde grapevine brings in the story that something is going to be done about the arctic conditions of the Drill Hall. It has been suggested that it is to be lined. I don't know exactly how the insulating will be done, but it should be fairly simple for those who know about such matters. I hope this scheme is looked into; it would be a shame to waste such a good floor. If anything is done about it, I think that at least some of the credit for bringing it to public attention belongs to Gerry Larue. He couldn't very well pat himself on the back (not that he particularly wants to), so there is no time like now to say that I think he is doing a good job—all of them.

We realize that there is no one to blame for the delay in the completion of the Drill Hall, but the fact remains that nothing can dampen enthusiasm as completely as such delay.

Maybe this idea is all wrong, but the general impression given at the meeting of the W.A.A. was that there would be a sports schedule posted on the Association's bulletin board. It has been some time since that meeting, but as far as I can see there has been no such schedule. It was an excellent idea, and I sincerely hope it has not been dropped merely because of general apathy on the part of those who are supposed to put it up.

Female Shows Men How

Sackville, Nov. 1 (C.U.P.).—Mount Allison University in New Brunswick claims to be one up on Varsity and McGill. They may boast of their female engineers, but neither has an engineeress who plays full back on the Engineers' football team.

It began when the lineups were announced for the annual Flounders Game between the Engineers and the University Girls' Residence. Announced as full back for the Engineers was that sole and stalwart plumberess, Dorothy "Thunderer" Hartz, the only player on the Engineers' team who lasted the full game. In the second half she made a brilliant 80-yard-run for a touchdown behind skilful interference. To prove that it can happen here, the Engineers proceeded to do something they have never done before, to win from the U.G.R., 13-3.

Vivacious and versatile, "Do" is also an accomplished pianist, and a member of Mount A's newly-organized all-girl orchestra.

SWIMMING

Another Thursday has gone by, and the swimmers are going right ahead. The meeting was very much smaller than usual, due to exams, perhaps, or maybe just the cold weather. Those who did go, however, had more room to practice their swimming and diving in. And that was all right, but it would have been nice to see a real crowd.

So next Thursday let there be another big crowd of enthusiastic swimmers. The relays at the end are always a lot of fun. Besides, they give you the racing which is essential to work up to for the meets. The water is warm—so what are you afraid of? Come on, all!

ORDERS IS ORDERS

(Continued from Page 3)
hope), and now they go on route marches—half a block there and half back. They also can "right wheel" if notified in lots of time. After an hour of this rigorous exercise everyone is happy when the platoons are brought back to position and dismissed. They "walk not run" gaily across the campus, and home to dinner.

Some of the girls like the training so well that they plan to carry on with it through the winter. The rest will substitute other less strenuous war work, such as first aid or canteen work.

The first ten girls asked about the drill replied that learning to turn, halt and stand at attention, etc., was pretty dull, but the marching was "lots of fun." So now you know, men. But the thing we are interested in is the opinion that the instructors and onlookers have of the co-eds, so it's up to some of you to let us know. We will be looking out for the answer in the next Gateway.

NOTICE

All Freshmen and any others who are interested in playing hockey this season are asked to phone Jack Quigley at 33008, any night after 7:30 p.m. This is important, for the season will be under way soon.

FENCING CARRIES ON

BUDGET PASSED BY COUNCIL

We received some very good news today. The Fencing Club remains active on this campus. I don't think many of the students besides the members realized just how thin a thread the life of the club hung by—but everything is looking up now, and we can sit back and wait for marvellous results.

Their first problem was a place to meet. They hope they can get the gym in St. Joseph's from 8-10 p.m. Tuesday. There is every indication that they will be able to get the gym, so let's hope they can. Then there is the matter of a coach. Mr. Olsen was in the very difficult position of not being a student until after Christmas. That means he cannot become coach if he is to be a student. That matter has been solved by obtaining Dick Hoar as a coach.

As far as material goes, they have enough to start with, and it is probable that second-hand foils, etc., can be obtained.

The last difficulty was the fact that the Students' Union put the Fencing budget aside until the existence of the club was assured. This budget has now been passed, and so, from now on it is up to the members of the club. Good luck to you.



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BADMINTON OPENS

On Friday, Nov. 6, the badminton season will get under way. Practices will be from 8:00-11:00 Fridays, and 8:30-11:00 on Wednesdays, in the Drill Hall. Everyone who is interested, please turn out, whether you can play or not.

SPECIAL NOTICE

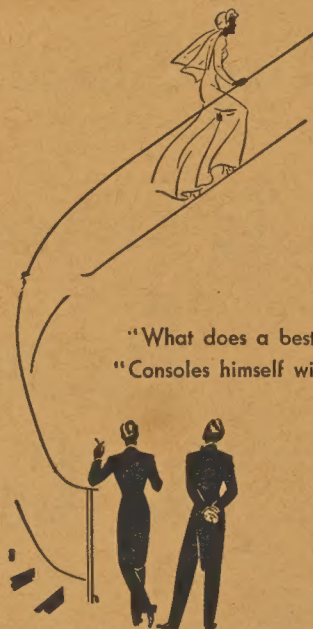
There will be a meeting of the Men's Athletic Board on Tuesday, Nov. 10, in Arts 148 at 7:30 p.m. The following members are requested to be present:
Don Johnston,
Perren Baker,
Jack Quigley,
Sam Shekter,
Dick Corbet,
Bob McDiarmid,
Hank Hankinson.

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